STRANGE DAYS PRESENTS

THE JOHNNY NEMO MAGAZINE™

No. 2
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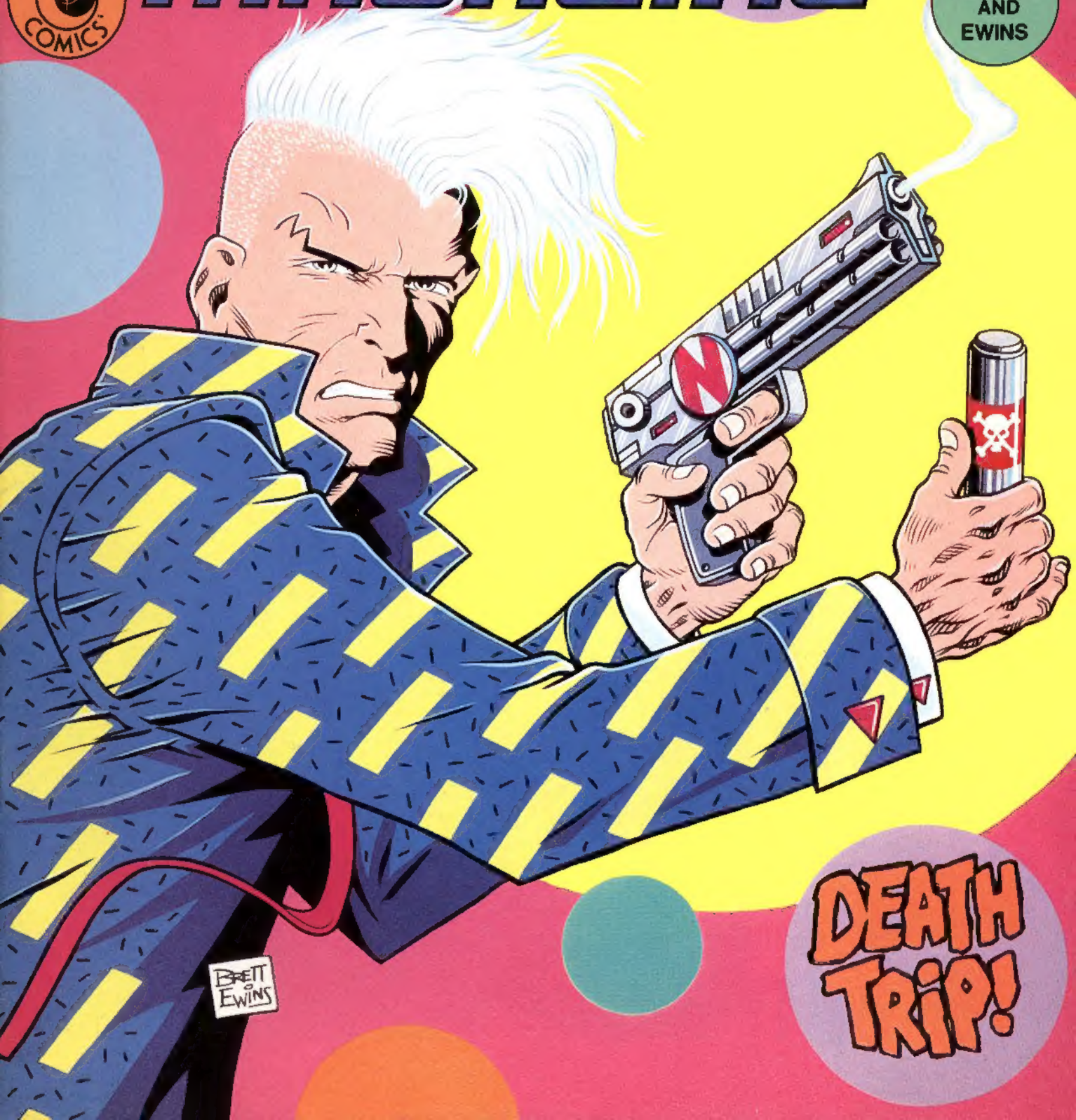
ECLIPSE COMICS

BY MILLIGAN AND EWINS



DEATH TRIP!

THE JOHNNY NEMO MAGAZINE

CREATED AND EDITED BY PETE MILLIGAN AND BRETT EWINS

CONTENTS:

JOHNNY NEMO – New London's awash with mutilated bodies, decapitated heads, and Death-Juice Junkies. Johnny Nemo's having dinner with an old-time psycho who'd sooner gut his mother than pick up the tab. . . And now things start to get nasty. . .

Page 1

SINDI SHADE – There's something rotten in in the state of The Library, and the air hangs heavy with the stench of crushing boredom. . . Which is why Sindi Shade is kissing the whole caboodle good-riddance. . .Or so she thinks!

Page 19

MILLIGAN'S ENDGAME. . . Page 29

All Titles Ewins/Milligan.

JOHNNY NEMO

LISTEN...
IT'S COMING TO SOMETHING WHEN YOU CAN'T EAT A QUIET BOWL OF PASTA WITH A VICIOUS THUG AND DISCUSS A TRAIL OF DEATH AND TORTURE LEFT BY A NEFARIOUS SUBSTANCE CALLED 'DEATH-JUICE' IN PEACE. BUT THAT'S NEW LONDON FOR YOU. CRAWLING WITH SCUM...
AND THE DIRTIEST SCUM OF THE LOT WERE THE KOSH. THE METAL ARM OF THE LAW!
DE MINIMUS NON CURAT LEX!
BECK
BOTHAM
FOR THIS, BE SURE, TONIGHT THOU SHALT HAVE CRAMPS!
COR BLIMEY!
THE KOSH WERE A KIND OF RETROSPECTIVE BIRTH-CONTROL UNIT FOR THE POOR. THEY OPERATED ONLY IN THE SLUMLANDS OF NEW LONDON'S LOWER TIERS... AND THEY ATTACKED INDISCRIMINATELY...

THE Spice of Death

• STORY • MILLIGAN • ART • EWINS • LETTERS + COLOURS • FRAME •

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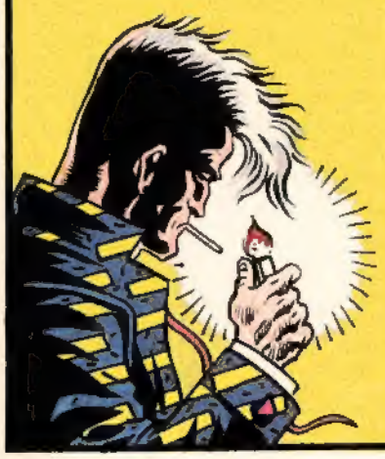
PRINTED IN CANADA

THE VICIOUS THUG IN QUESTION WAS **EDDIE THE MOUTH**. EDDIE HAD TOLD ME THAT HIS OUTFIT – THE MOUTH BOYS – HAD DONE THE TORTURING FOR THE MAN BEHIND THE **DEATH-JUICE** RACKET, A MAN CALLED **SID CAFÉ**...



SID CAFÉ WAS IN CAIRO. ME AND EDDIE WERE IN THE MIDDLE OF A MASSACRE.

WOT A **SCREAM**, JOHNNY!

AIN'T 'AD SO MUCH **JOY** SINCE I GOUGED OUT RAZOR O'BRIEN'S EYES!

SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI!

LEAVE IT OUT, MOUTH...

I AIN'T GOT TIME FOR FUN AND GAMES...

SPOOM!

NOR HAD THE MOUTH...

KRAK

NNGUUR

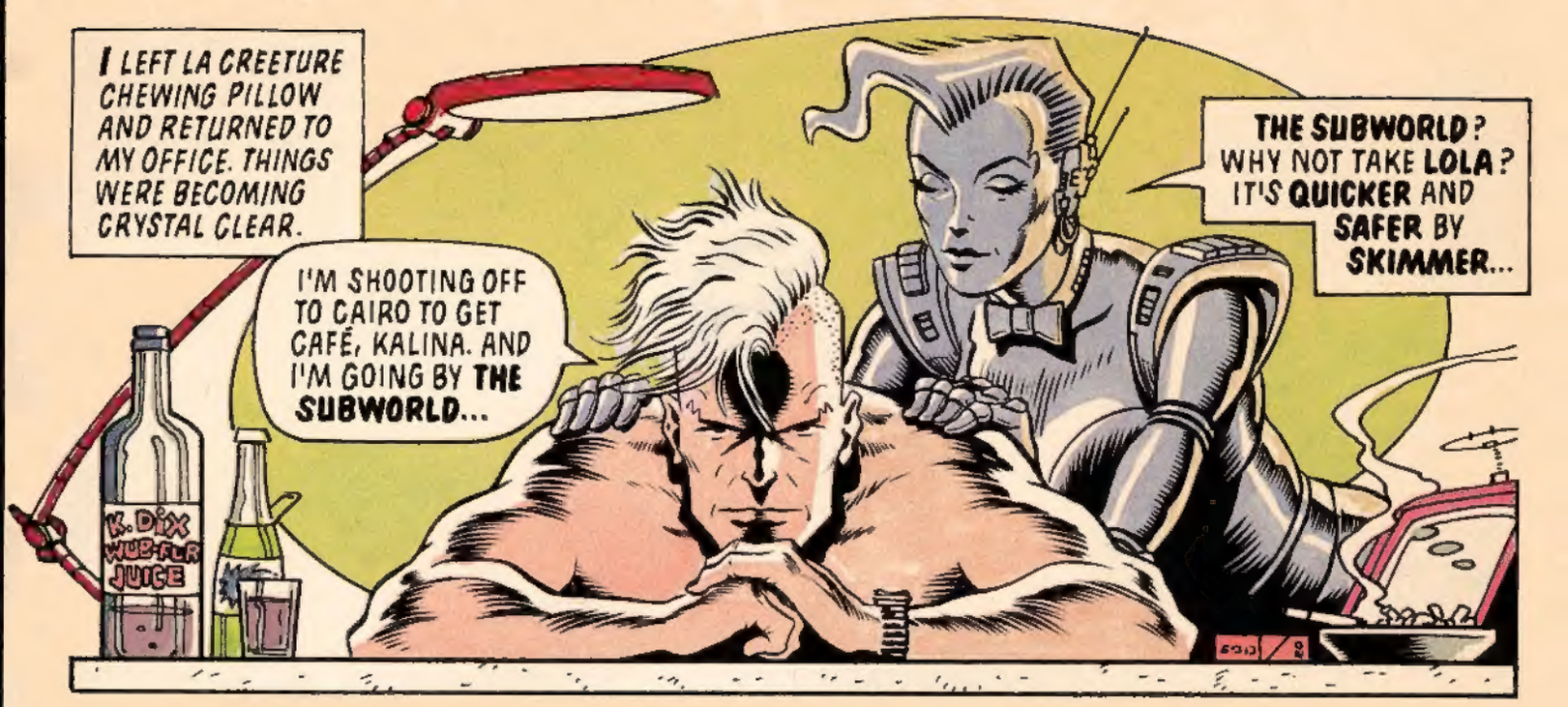
THE DOG IS TURNED TO HIS VOMIT AGAIN!

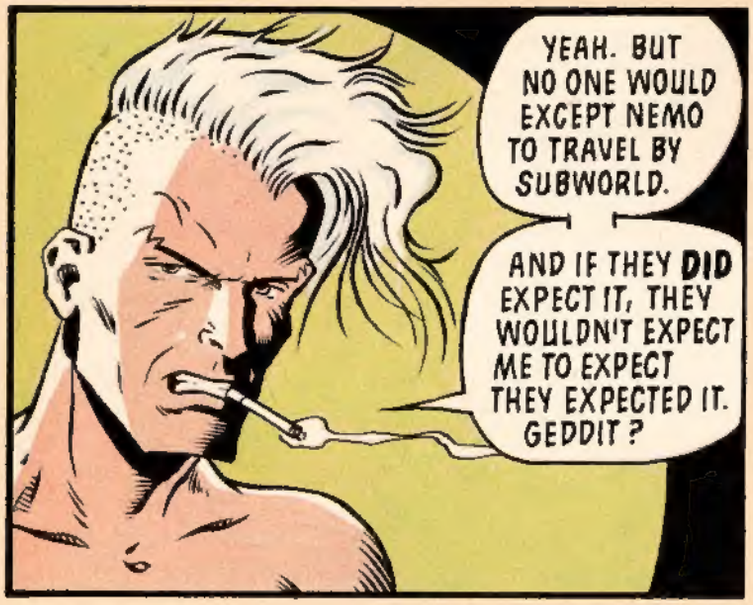
IT WAS TOO BAD ABOUT EDDIE, BUT HE'D SERVED HIS PURPOSE. I'D PROBABLY HAVE KILLED THE ANIMAL MYSELF EVENTUALLY...

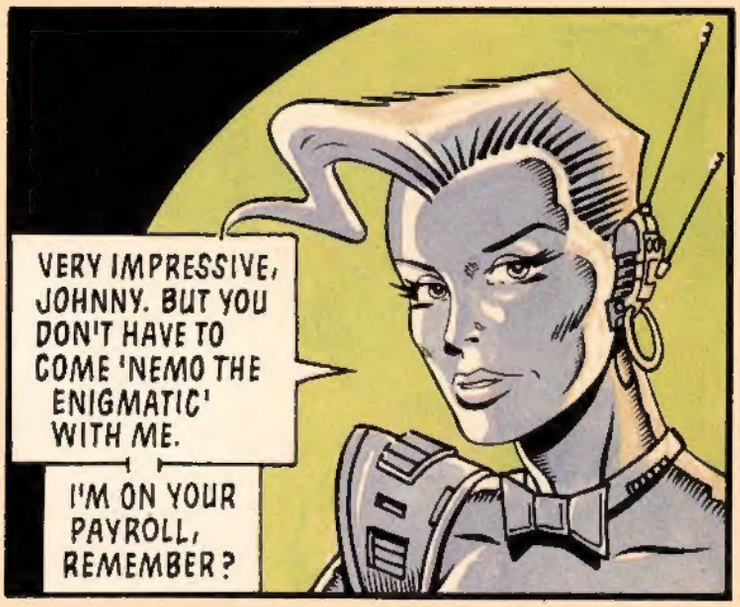
OUTTA MY WAY, **FASCIST**...

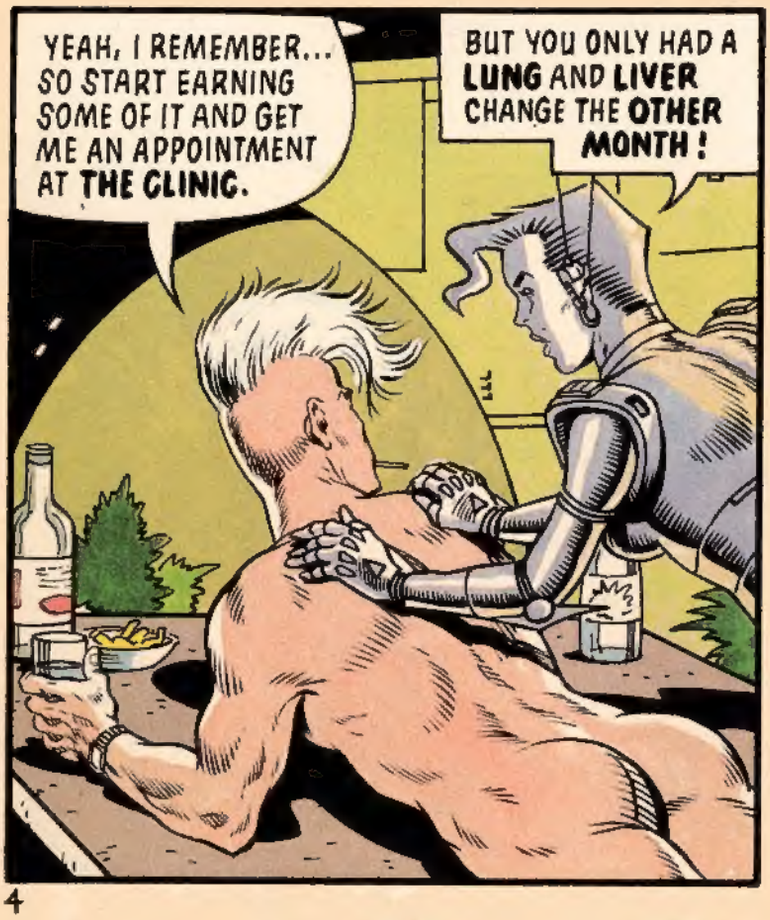
EXIT

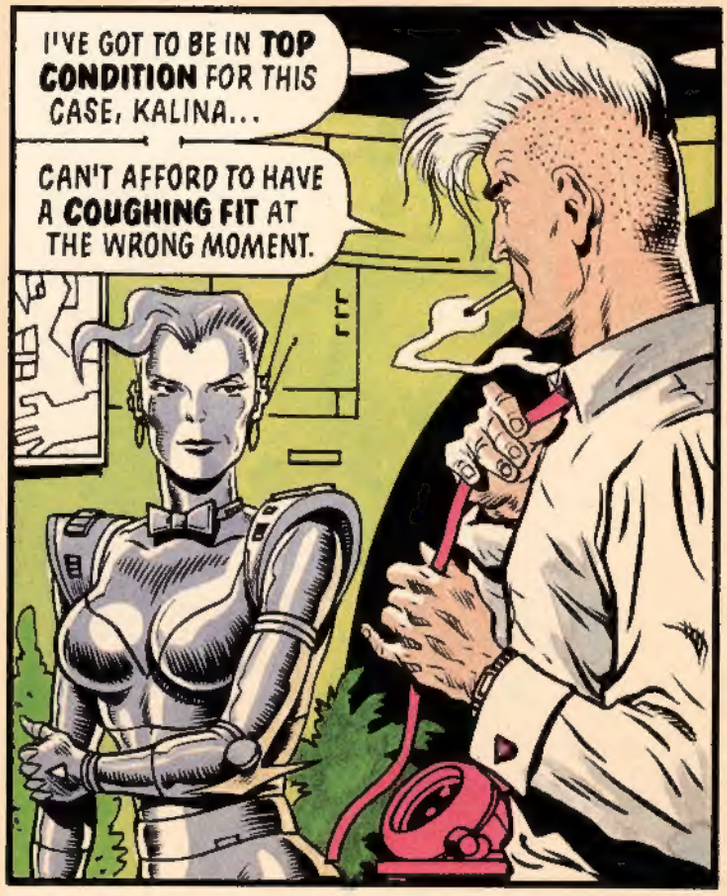
LISTEN. DEATH-JUICE WAS MADE BY EXTRACTING THE DEATH-AURA OF A RECENTLY DEAD PERSON. THE MORE EXCITING THE LIFE AND THE MORE PAINFUL THE DEATH, THE JUICIER THE JUICE. TWO DEATH-TRIPS AND YOU WERE HOOKED FOR LIFE. GOT THAT ?
GOOD.
I'M GOING TO SEE LIZA CREETURE, KALINA...
GOT SOME UNFINISHED BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO BEFORE I GO AFTER SID CAFÉ...
LDLA 1
27
CREETURE WAS THE LADY WHO'D HIRED ME TO INVESTIGATE HER KID BROTHER'S DECAPITATION...
A COUPLE OF DAYS AND I'LL HAVE THE RUNT WHO CHOPPED UP YOUR BROTHER, MS CREETURE.
BY THE WAY, YOU EVER HEARD OF A CHARACTER CALLED SID CAFÉ ?
SID CAFÉ ? NO, NEVER, MR NEMO...
BUT IF HE'S THE ONE BEHIND MY BROTHER'S DEATH, I WANT HIM TO SUFFER...
I UNDERSTAND, MS CREETURE. THIS MUST BE VERY DISTRESSING FOR YOU...
IT'S SHEER HELL, MR NEMO.


I LEFT LA CREETURE CHEWING PILLOW AND RETURNED TO MY OFFICE. THINGS WERE BECOMING CRYSTAL CLEAR.
I'M SHOOTING OFF TO CAIRO TO GET CAFÉ, KALINA. AND I'M GOING BY THE SUBWORLD...
THE SUBWORLD? WHY NOT TAKE LOLA? IT'S QUICKER AND SAFER BY SKIMMER...
K. DIX WUB-FLR JUICE

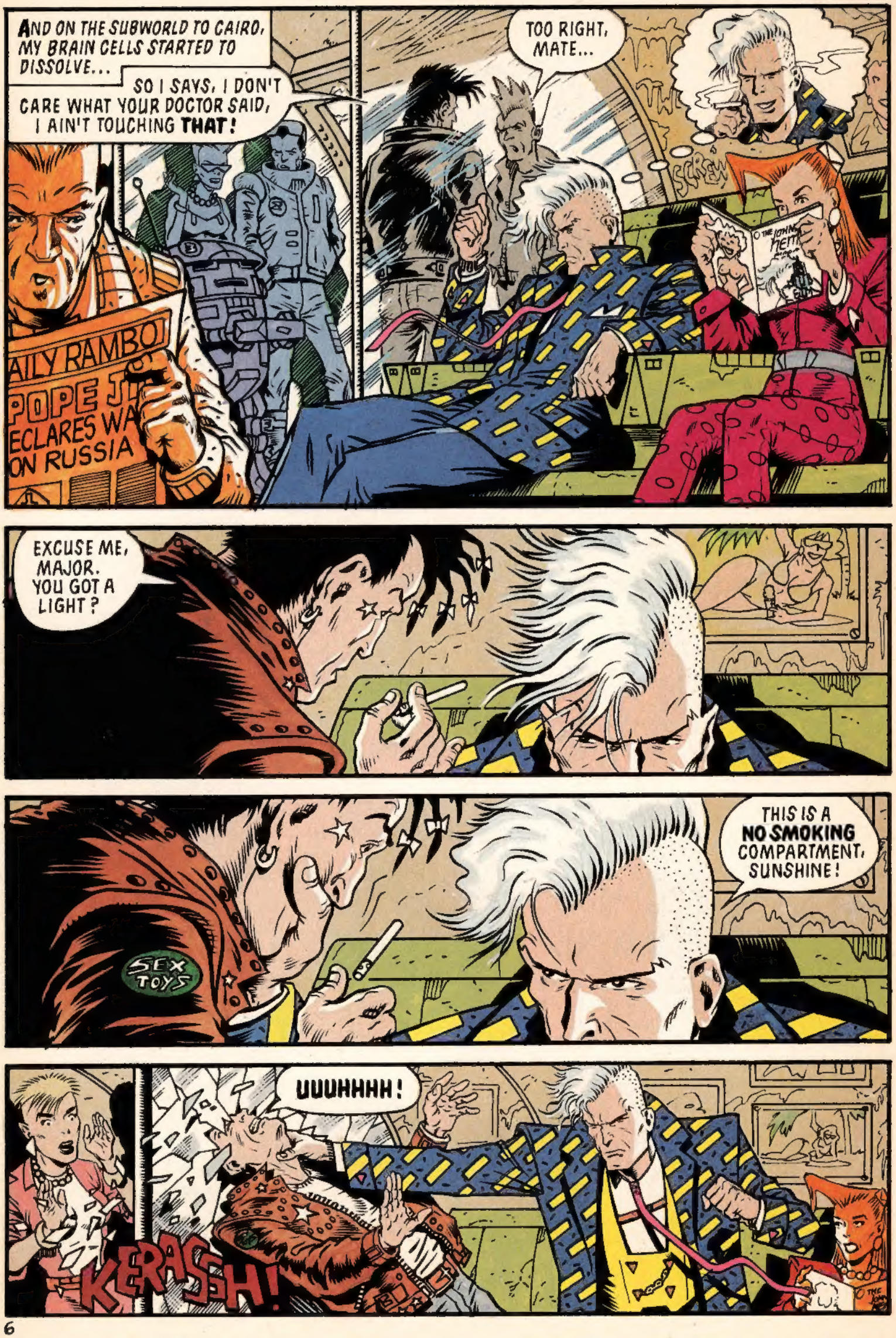

YEAH. BUT NO ONE WOULD EXCEPT NEMO TO TRAVEL BY SUBWORLD.
AND IF THEY DID EXPECT IT, THEY WOULDN'T EXPECT ME TO EXPECT THEY EXPECTED IT. GEDDIT?

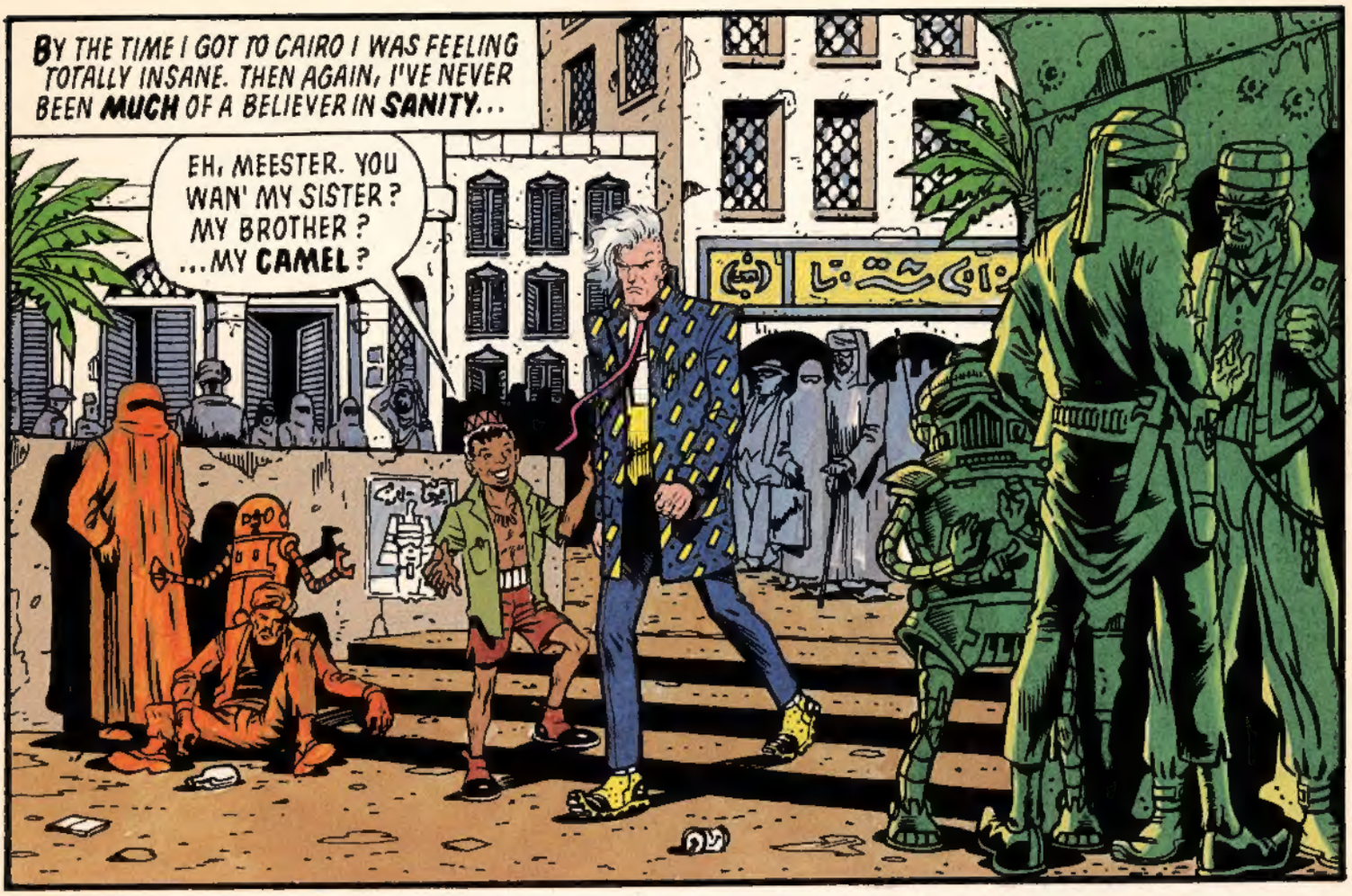

VERY IMPRESSIVE, JOHNNY. BUT YOU DON'T HAVE TO COME 'NEMO THE ENIGMATIC' WITH ME.
I'M ON YOUR PAYROLL, REMEMBER?


YEAH, I REMEMBER... SO START EARNING SOME OF IT AND GET ME AN APPOINTMENT AT THE CLINIC.
BUT YOU ONLY HAD A LUNG AND LIVER CHANGE THE OTHER MONTH!


I'VE GOT TO BE IN TOP CONDITION FOR THIS CASE, KALINA...
CAN'T AFFORD TO HAVE A COUGHING FIT AT THE WRONG MOMENT.

THE SMOKING AND DRINKING WERE TAKING THEIR TOLL. NOT LEAST ON MY BANK BALANCE. I USUALLY GOT THROUGH ABOUT HALF A DOZEN LUNGS AND LIVERS IN A YEAR, AND ORGAN SWOPS DIDN'T COME CHEAP. BODY-WRECKING CIRCA 2921 REALLY WAS A RICH MAN'S GAME...
ANYTHING ELSE, MR NEMO? PERHAPS A NEW DE-LUX BOWEL SYSTEM?
THEY'RE ALL THE RAGE IN PARIS THIS YEAR...
BLOW IT OUT YER ALIMENTARY CANAL...
NEMO 37
BOLSTERED BY MY NEW LUNG AND LIVER, I MADE IT TO THE SUBWORLD TERMINAL...
WOULD YOU 'AVE A SMOKE FOR AN OLD SOLDIER, GUV'NOR?
HUH?
SUBWORLD
YEAH. TAKE THE LOT, GRANDAD. I GET MEAN AS HELL WHEN I GIVE UP THE SMOKES...
CIGS
20
GROUT
AN' I NEED TO BE MEANER THAN EVER FOR THIS LITTLE CAPER...
FLIPPIN' 'ECK!
I GOT A ONE-WAY TO CAIRO. THEN I STUDIED THE SUBWORLD MAP. ALREADY I COULD FEEL THE TOBACCO-WITHDRAWAL SYMPTOMS CHEWING ON MY NERVE ENDS...
OUTTA THE WAY, SCUM!
NNGGGNN!?
SUBWORL MAP
SPLAT!

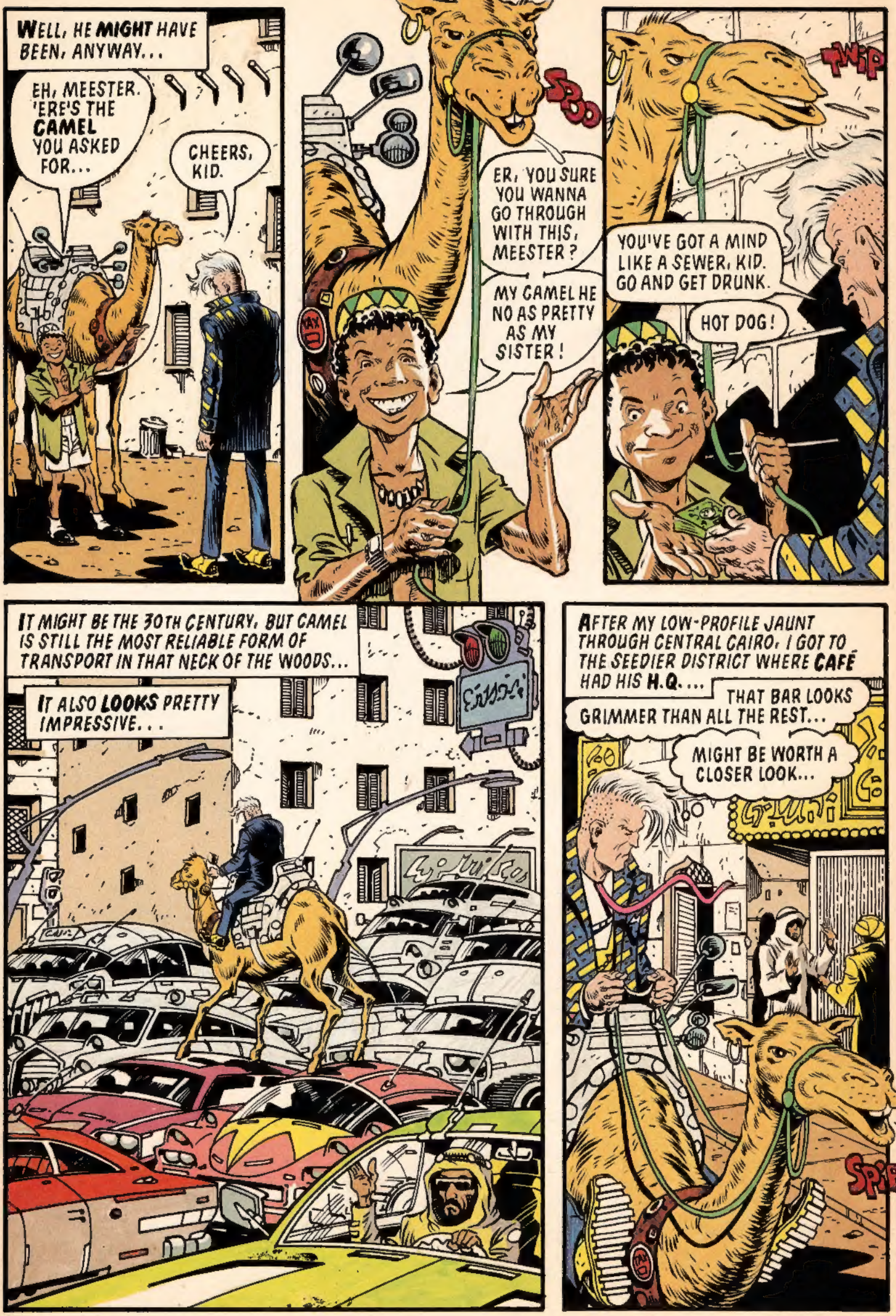

AND ON THE SUBWORLD TO CAIRO, MY BRAIN CELLS STARTED TO DISSOLVE...
SO I SAYS, I DON'T CARE WHAT YOUR DOCTOR SAID, I AIN'T TOUCHING THAT!
TOO RIGHT, MATE...
SCREW
AILY RAMBO
POPE J
ECLARES WA
ON RUSSIA
EXCUSE ME, MAJOR. YOU GOT A LIGHT?
SEX TOYS
THIS IS A NO SMOKING COMPARTMENT, SUNSHINE!
UUUHHHH!
KERASSH!


BY THE TIME I GOT TO CAIRO I WAS FEELING TOTALLY INSANE. THEN AGAIN, I'VE NEVER BEEN MUCH OF A BELIEVER IN SANITY...
EH, MEESTER. YOU WAN' MY SISTER? MY BROTHER? ...MY CAMEL?

IN CAIRO, LIKE EVERYWHERE ELSE, I HAD MY CONTACTS. IN MY LINE OF BUSINESS YOU NEED A LOT OF FRIENDS WITH A LOT OF ANSWERS. AND I'VE GOT PLENTY.

I'VE GOT FRIENDS I HAVEN'T EVEN USED YET.
JOHNNY, BABY! YOU WAN' SID CAFÉ, NO? I KNOW WHERE HE IS. SURE THING.
THEN TELL ME, WARTFACE.

WARTFACE GAVE ME THE INFORMATION. THEN I GAVE WARTFACE A HOLE IN THE HEAD. HE WAS WORKING FOR CAFÉ...
COMPLIMENTS OF THE MANAGEMENT

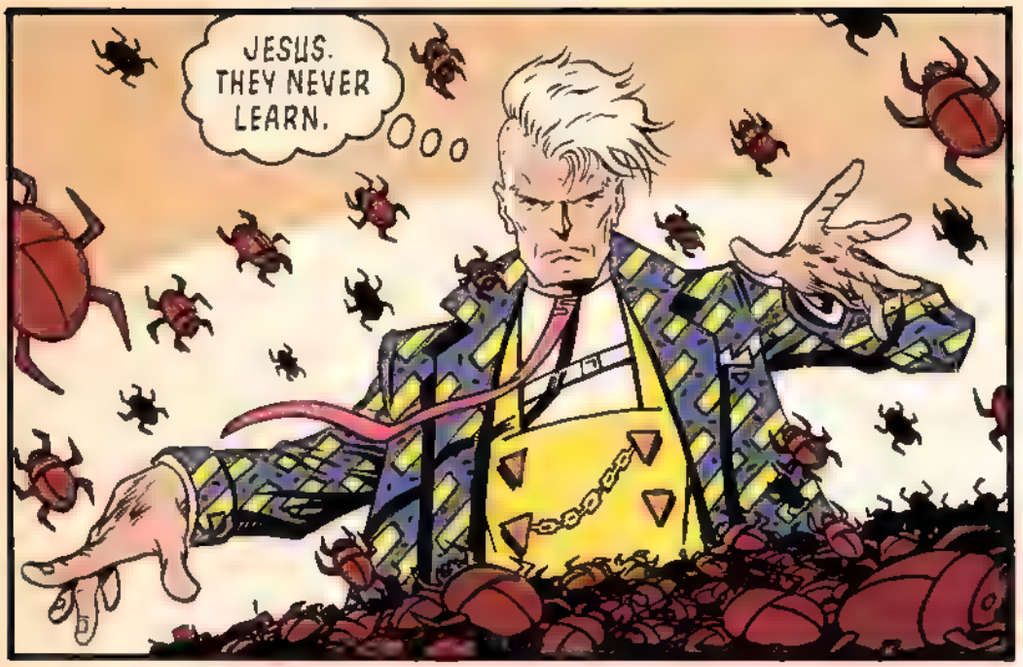

WELL, HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN, ANYWAY...
EH, MEESTER. 'ERE'S THE CAMEL YOU ASKED FOR...
CHEERS, KID.
SPOO
ER, YOU SURE YOU WANNA GO THROUGH WITH THIS, MEESTER?
MY CAMEL HE NO AS PRETTY AS MY SISTER!
TWIP
YOU'VE GOT A MIND LIKE A SEWER, KID. GO AND GET DRUNK.
HOT DOG!
IT MIGHT BE THE 30TH CENTURY, BUT CAMEL IS STILL THE MOST RELIABLE FORM OF TRANSPORT IN THAT NECK OF THE WOODS...
IT ALSO LOOKS PRETTY IMPRESSIVE...
AFTER MY LOW-PROFILE JAUNT THROUGH CENTRAL CAIRO, I GOT TO THE SEEDIER DISTRICT WHERE CAFÉ HAD HIS H.Q....
THAT BAR LOOKS GRIMMER THAN ALL THE REST...
MIGHT BE WORTH A CLOSER LOOK...
SPIP!

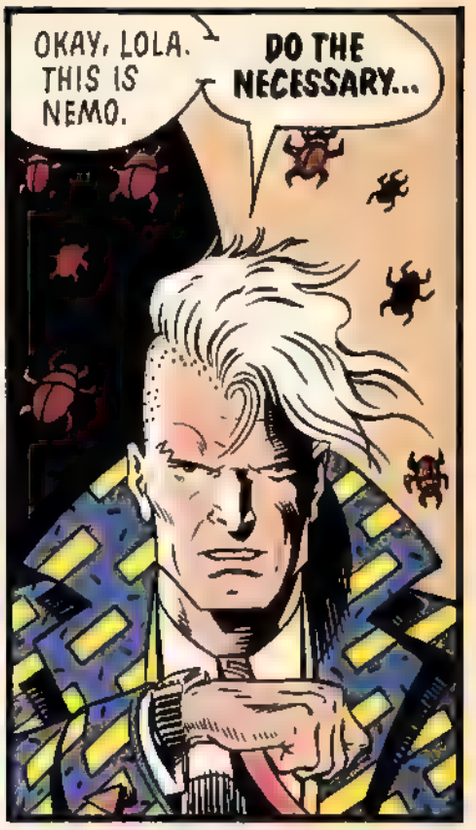
LISSEN, JUICE-HEAD. NO DOUGH, NO DEATH. DIG?
B-BUT I'M HURTING BAD, JIMMY! I NEED TO DIE!
THEN GO ROB A PYRAMID, TUTANKHAMEN!
SNiK
AAAAA
AND YOU SAY HELLO TO MY BOOT, RUNT...
CHOK!
GAAAH!
I GAVE A FEW HUSKS A ONCE OVER WITH MY DREAM-SCANNER...
DEATH-JUNKIES, ALL RIGHT. SCANNER'S GOING BERSERK.
CAFÉ'S SOCIETY MUST BE DOING SOME LOCAL TRAFFICKING, TOO...
VOOP! VEEP!

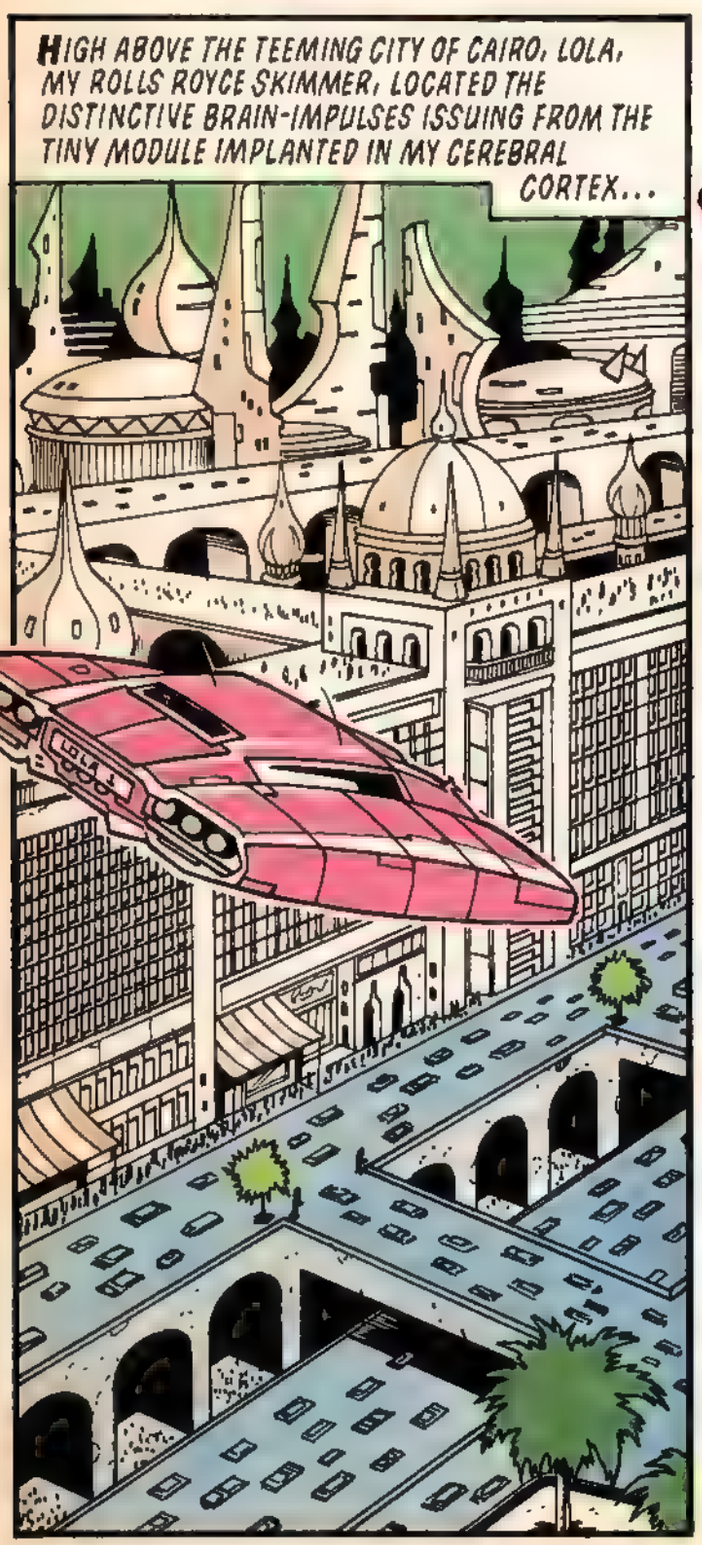
IT WAS TIME I GOT TO CAFÉ AND GAVE HIM SOME PERMANENT REHABILITATION. UNFORTUNATELY, I'D HAVE TO GO ON FOOT...
SHIT! THE LOCALS ARE EATING MY CAMEL!
THIS REALLY IS A BAD AREA!
ANYWAY, WARTFACE HAD TOLD ME THAT CAFE HAD HIS H.Q. IN THE BASEMENT OF A NIGHTCLUB CALLED 'OH TOOL OF ARABIA'... IT WAS EASY TO FIND.
OH TOOL OF ARABIA
AND IT WAS EASY GETTING PAST CAFÉ'S GORILLAS...
AAAA
AAAA
KLIK!

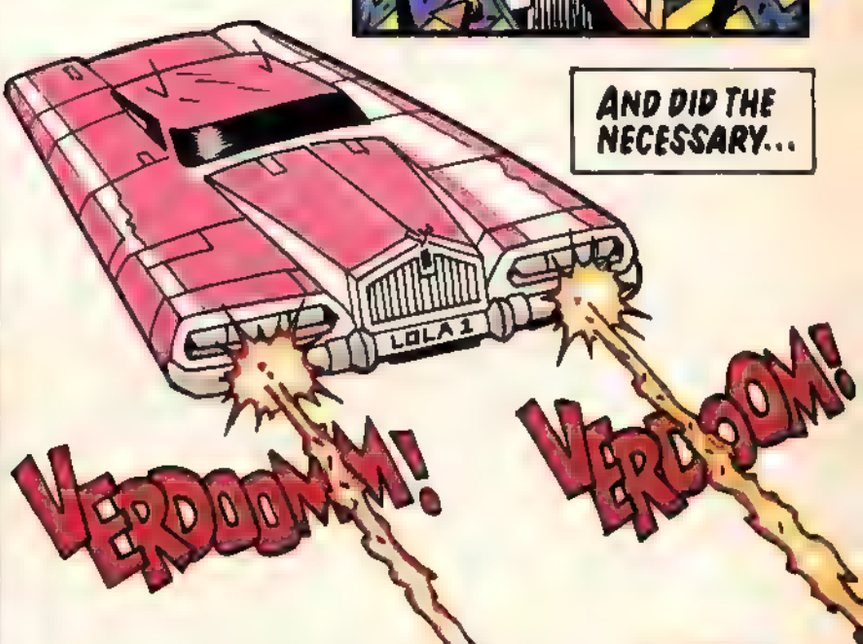
TOO EASY...
AFTER I'D REHABILITATED CAFÉ'S BOYS, I INTRODUCED MYSELF TO THE MAN HIMSELF...
OKAY, GREASERAG. ONE MOVE AND I'LL BLOW YER LEGS OFF!
CRUNCH
AH, SO THIS IS THE ONE AND ONLY JOHNNY NEMO!
YOU TOOK YOUR TIME FINDING ME, DIDN'T YOU?
HE HADN'T MOVED, BUT I STILL PUT A FEW SLUGS INTO HIS LEGS. A CRIPPLED PRISONER IS EASIER TO TRANSPORT...
BRAM! BRAM!
DEAR OH DEAR. HOW VERY DISAPPOINTING. AND I THOUGHT YOU'D BE A MATCH FOR ME, JOHNNY.
BRAM!
BRAM!
DAMN! YOU'RE A HOLOGRAM!
VERY ASTUTE, JOHNNY. I AM ACTUALLY IN THE ADJOINING ROOM, PROJECTING MY IMAGE HERE...
BUT THIS INFORMATION COMES TOO LATE TO SAVE YOU, I'M AFRAID...

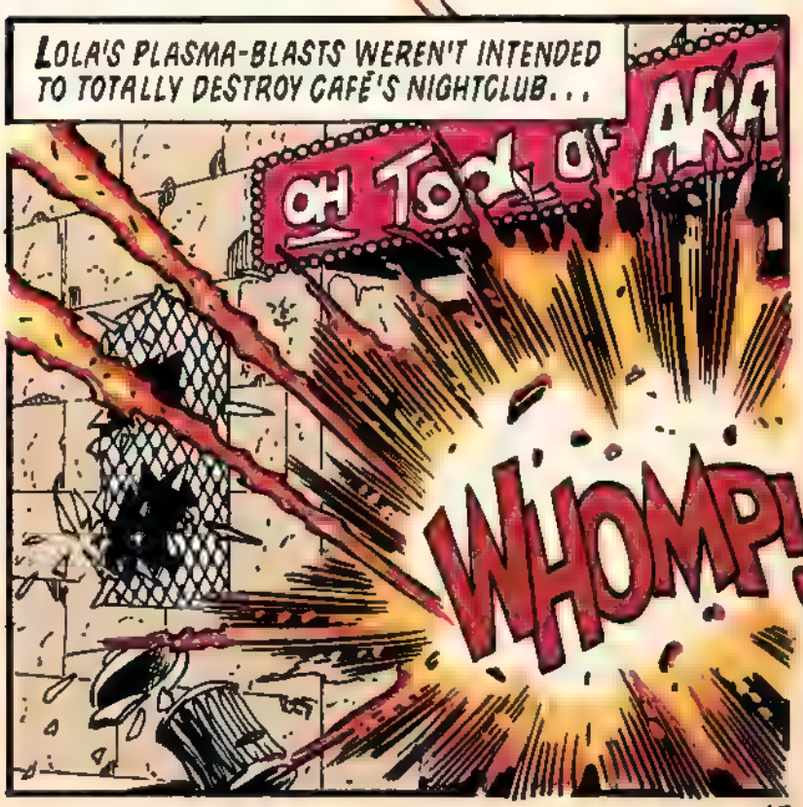
SHIT!
CLANG!
AN OVERUSED EXPRESSION, THOUGH QUITE APPLICABLE IN THIS CASE. THE ROOM IS NOW HERMETICALLY SEALED, JOHNNY...
AND YOU WILL DIE THE DEATH OF A THOUSAND SCARABS!
AND THEN THINGS STARTED FALLING FROM THE CEILING...
WHAT'S THIS? A BLOODY TOY BEETLE?
PLASTIC SCARAB BEETLES, ACTUALLY. A NICE TOUCH, I THOUGHT, CONSIDERING OUR LOCATION.
IN A FEW MINUTES THIS WHOLE ROOM WILL BE FULL OF THEM. AND YOU WILL DIE A MOST SICKENING DEATH!
THEN I WILL EXTRACT YOUR DEATH-AURA, WHICH WILL, OF COURSE, BE WORTH MILLIONS! THE MOST SOUGHT-AFTER DEATH TRIP OF ALL!
YOU SEE, THE ONLY WAY I COULD GET MY CLUTCHES ON YOU WAS BY MAKING YOU THINK YOU WERE CRACKING THE CASE. YOUR OWN EGO HAS DESTROYED YOU, NEMO. YOU COULDN'T ACCEPT THAT SOMEONE COULD OUTWIT YOU!


JESUS. THEY NEVER LEARN.
OOO


OKAY, LOLA. THIS IS NEMO.
DO THE NECESSARY...


HIGH ABOVE THE TEEMING CITY OF CAIRO, LOLA, MY ROLLS ROYCE SKIMMER, LOCATED THE DISTINCTIVE BRAIN-IMPULSES ISSUING FROM THE TINY MODULE IMPLANTED IN MY CEREBRAL CORTEX...
LOLA 1


AND DID THE NECESSARY...
LOLA 1
VERDOOM!
VERDOOM!


LOLA'S PLASMA-BLASTS WEREN'T INTENDED TO TOTALLY DESTROY CAFÉ'S NIGHTCLUB...
OH TORD OF AKRA
WHOMP!

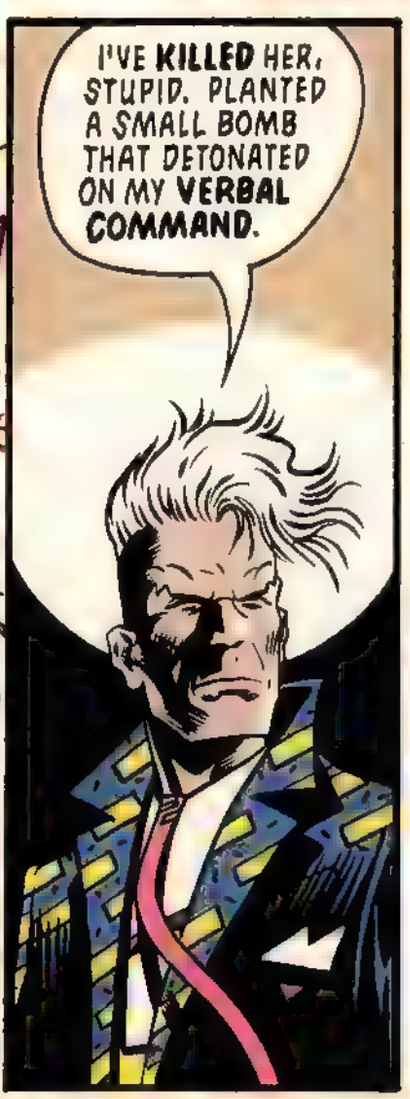
JUST TO SHUFFLE THINGS AROUND A LITTLE...
OKAY, CAFE. NOW I'M GONNA KICK YOUR ASS SO HARD YOU'LL BE PASSING BLOOD FOR THE REST OF YER LIFE...
I FOUND CAFÉ RECOVERING CONSCIOUSNESS. HE WAS LIKE A BOIL WITH ALL THE PUSS SQUEEZED OUT...
N-NEMO, YOU BASTARD! YOU KNEW IT WAS A TRAP! HOW? HOW DID YOU KNOW?
NONE OF YOUR GODDAM BUSINESS.
ARRRR! MY LEG!
BRAM!
ACTUALLY, IT WAS ALL QUITE SIMPLE. WHEN LIZA CREETURE HAD FIRST COME TO MY OFFICE, I'D FLASHED THE HEAD OF HER DEAD BROTHER WITH MY DREAM SCANNER. REMEMBER?
OF COURSE YOU DO...
INTERESTING. THE SCANNER'S NOT PICKING UP A THING.
YOUR BROTHER'S BEEN SUCKED DRY, MS CREETURE...

BUT WHEN THE SCANNER POINTED TOWARDS LA CREETURE...
HMM. SCANNER'S GOING CRAZY, NOW. MORE TO THIS LITTLE LADY THAN MEETS THE EYE.
VEEP! VEEP!
IT WAS OBVIOUS. CREETURE WAS A JUNKIE, WORKING FOR THE ONE MAN WHO COULD PRODUCE THE DEATH JUICE: SID CAFÉ. SO I GAVE LOLA HER ORDERS AND WALKED INTO HIS 'TRAP'... AND THERE YOU WERE THINKING I'D BEEN MAKING IT ALL UP AS I WENT ALONG!
BY THE WAY, CAFÉ, WHERE IS MS CREETURE?
RIGHT BEHIND YOU, MR NEMO. DROP THE GUN.
click!
SHALL I SHOOT HIM NOW, MR CAFÉ?
YES. SHOOT HIS SMART-ARSE BRAINS OUT!

BLOW, MS CREETURE.

DISGUSTING, ISN'T IT.
KERSPLOSH!

LIZA!?
NEMO! WH-WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO MY LIZA ?


I'VE KILLED HER, STUPID. PLANTED A SMALL BOMB THAT DETONATED ON MY VERBAL COMMAND.

JUST DON'T ASK ME HOW OR WHERE I PLANTED IT...

AND SO THE CASE OF THE SPICE OF DEATH WAS CLEARED UP. I INCARCERATED SID CAFÉ IN MY PRIVATE PRISON. HE'S STILL THERE, WORKING ON A CURE THAT PROBABLY DOESN'T EXIST. I'M STILL HERE, SMOKING MORE THAN EVER, TRYING TO FIGURE OUT HOW OTHER PEOPLE GET TO SLEEP AT NIGHT...
AND THE DEATH-JUNKIES ARE STILL OUT ON THE STREET, WAITING FOR THE NEXT DEATH-TRIP THAT WILL NEVER COME, WAITING LIKE HUNGRY PHANTOMS TO BE TORN AND SCATTERED BY THE ROTTEN WIND OF DECAY AND HOPELESSNESS THAT HOWLS THROUGH THE SLUMLANDS OF EVERY CITY ON THE PLANET...
BUT THAT'S THEIR PROBLEM...
K-DIX
2000 year old
MARS
MASH
BRETT EWINS
...ISN'T IT...
THE END

The PENUMBRA

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ON THE RACKS

TALES OF TERROR no. 3
You won't be able to miss the cover to this one on the stands! Is it Marilyn, or is it a beast?! Amazing is what it is. Plus stories by Gray Morrow, David Lloyd and many others.

TEEN TITANS INDEX no. 4
More essential info on one of today's most popular comics. The laser-scanned reproductions of every cover are a must for all fans.

SCOUT no. 2
With Little Miss Strange at his side, Scout tracks down the Secretary of Agriculture, who just happens to be the Buffalo Monster! Plus, Fashion in Action!

SEDUCTION OF THE INNOCENT no. 1 and 2
Our most exciting mini-series to date! Pre-Code horror classics by some of the best people ever to lay ink to page: Alex Toth, Reed Crandall, Murphy Anderson and others!

MIRACLEMAN no. 3
Mike ("Miracleman") Moran has a government assassin on his trail, a wife carrying Miracleman's baby, and an alter ego that is slowly crushing him!

THE NEW DNAgents no. 3
What do you do when you don't like the world? Answer: You destroy it and start repopulating it with . . . DNAgents!

JOHNNY NEMO no. 2
New London's foremost investigator's latest caper is a "Death Trip." Johnny Nemo discovers that when things get nasty, the nasty get going!

LASER ERASER no. 1
The FIRST issue of another 75 cent comic! Mysta Mystralis and Axel Pressbutton take their bows in all new stories of a future so fantastic, even we're not sure it exists!

A NUMBER OF THINGS:

During the past month about a dozen subjects have come up which might have made perfectly wonderful Penumbra column material. Stuff like the way airline flight attendants place the accents on the wrong word in every sentence they speak during the required crash-landing lecture, or how Eclipse has managed to sell retail mail order back issues for years without ever getting a bad check until this month — when we got TWO.

But who cares, right? I mean, what difference does it make if the flight attendant says, "We WILL be landing in fifteen minutes. Those of you who ARE continuing on with us should remain seated. We DO ask those of you who are leaving us at this time to remain seated until the plane comes to a complete stop . . ."? I think they actually take lessons in how to put the accent on the wrong word. But like i said, who cares?

And the two bad check folks? Well, i've given them up until the end of this month to make good. If they don't, i'll just publish their names here for everyone to see. Comics fandom is built on trust, and i have a hunch they'll pay up rather than face public disgrace. So that's a non-item for now.

Which leaves me with a comment or two on how the first really big rain storm of the winter season just hit, and how Dean and my mother and i went to Calistoga (California) for the hot springs and hot mud bath treatment. It was a nice dose of socio-cultural novelty, and there's nothing like being buried up to your neck in hot, sulphurous volcanic ash and clay to make you feel like Alan Moore is writing your biography . . .

But you know what's REALLY on my mind tonight, what i feel truly compelled to write about?

It's the way some of you guys keep on ripping the darn back pages off the comics when you send in your back issue orders!

AAAAARRRRGGGHHHH!!!!

Look, ain't you ever heard of a photocopy machine? Or even more simple, can't you just write out your back issue order on a piece of clean, white paper? Do you think we like getting a torn-off cover from someone who uses it to order a rare back issue, only to tear ITS cover off and order a third comic? This is terrible! Didn't your mom or dad ever tell you about not ripping up your books?

Please, please PLEASE stop the practice of yanking the back covers off your comics to place back issue orders! If you don't want to save the comics, take them down to your local hospital and give them to the kids there. Or leave them in a dentist's waiting room. Or a barber shop. ANYTHING!

Okay, so i'm nagging. I'll stop. But remember . . . every comic book you destroy will make that issue a bit rarer, and in forty years, YOU won't be able to sell your "Eclipse Age" comics for big bucks. You'll be one of those people who sadly stand there and say, "Yeah. . . i used to have all a them funny books. They'd be worth a fortune now if i'd a kep' 'em. Crazy, ain't it?"

And someone else will be rich, rich, rich because he or she did NOT tear the back cover off of NEW DNAGENTS no. 1 to order a copy of ZOT! no. 2.

So shape up already!

catherine yronwode

IN YOUR HANDS

That Johnny Nemo sure knows how to wrap up a case, y'know? I wonder if Sid Cafe will ever find that cure he's so desperately seeking?

Well, anyway . . . Sindi Shade is up next and there's something rotten in the state of The Library . . .

THE JOHNNY NEMO MAGAZINE™ no. 2, November 1985. Published by Eclipse Comics, P. O. Box 199, Guerneville, CA 95446. Catherine Yronwode, Editor-in-Chief. Dean Mullaney, Publisher. Johnny Nemo and Sindi Shade © 1985 and TM Peter Milligan and Brett Ewins. All other material © 1985 Eclipse Enterprises, Inc. Printed in Canada.

THE LIBRARY. AND IN THE SUBTERRANEAN LAIR OF THE GRAND LIBRARIAN INQUISITOR THE GRANDMAN HIMSELF DIRECTS HIS BULKY MENTAL APPARATUS TOWARDS THE SUBJECT AT HAND: THE ESCAPEE CALLED SINDI SHADE.
AND NOT FOR THE FIRST TIME, HIS AWFUL COUNTENANCE IS BREACHED BY AN EQUALLY AWFUL SMILE, AS THOUGH SOMEWHERE IN THAT SPONGEOUS COMPUTER HE IS AWARE THAT EVERY CHRIST NEEDS ITS JUDAS...
YES, YOUR GRANDNESS. BUT SHOULD WE NOT LAUNCH A HOLY WAR ON THE HERETICA NOW, AND SMASH THEIR OTIOSE BODIES TO DUST?
I WANT HER WATCHED BUT NOT APPREHENDED. MAYHAPS SHE'LL LEAD US TO AN INNER SANCTUM OF TRANSGRESSORS...
FOR YOU KNOW, LIBRARIAN KRUPULUS, THERE ARE MANY FOUL HERETICA WHO WOULD OVERTHROW US.....
I SAY WE SHOULD BURN THEIR FOUL SKIN AND QUARTER THEIR INNARDS AND BOIL THEIR HEADS TILL THEIR EYES HATCH LIKE EGGS AND THEIR TONGUES SWELL AND TURN DARKER THAN AN OLD WHORE'S NIPPLES, IN THE NAME OF ALL THINGS GOOD AND RIGHTEOUS, YOUR GRANDNESS....
SINDI SHADE
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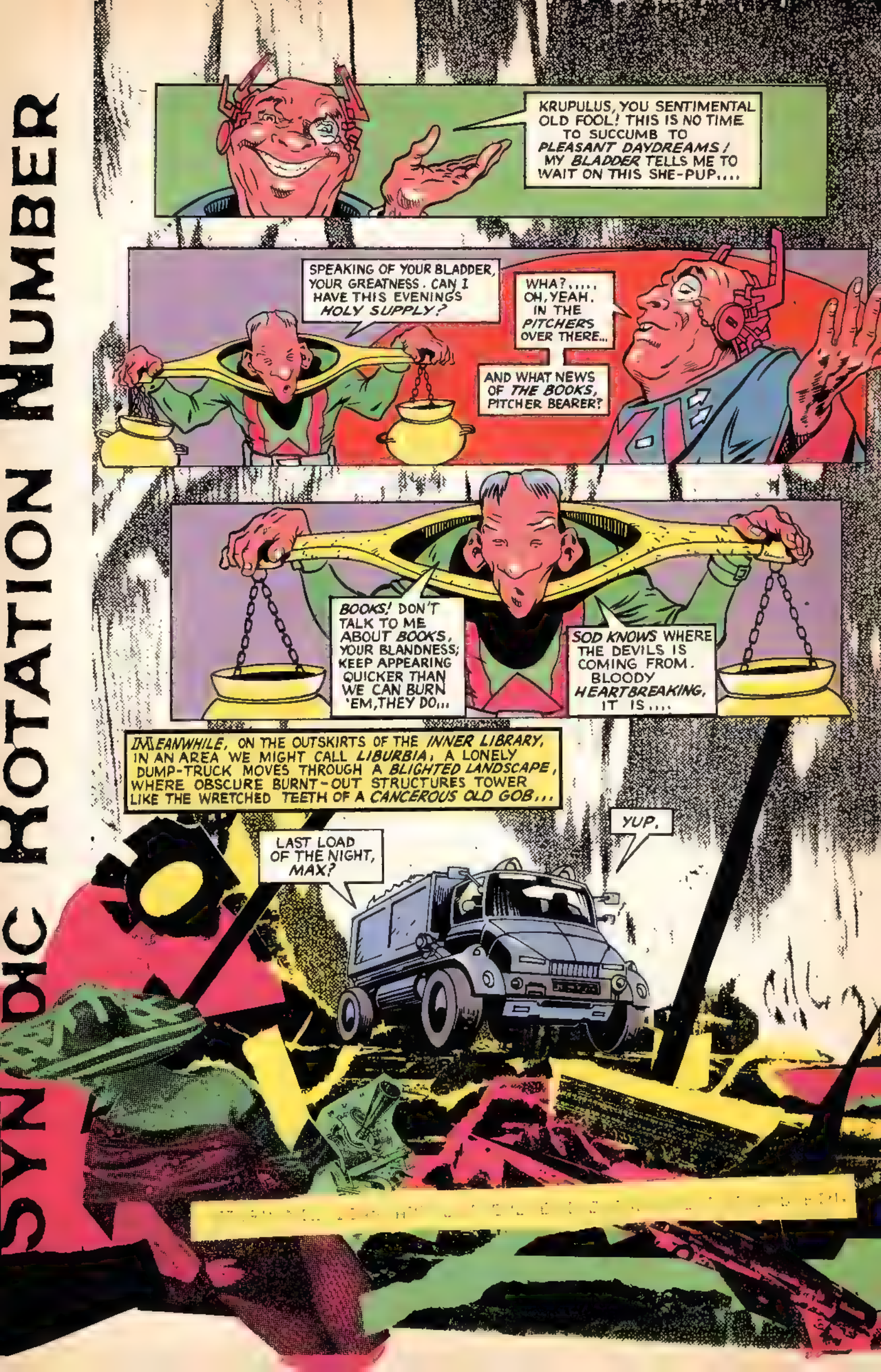
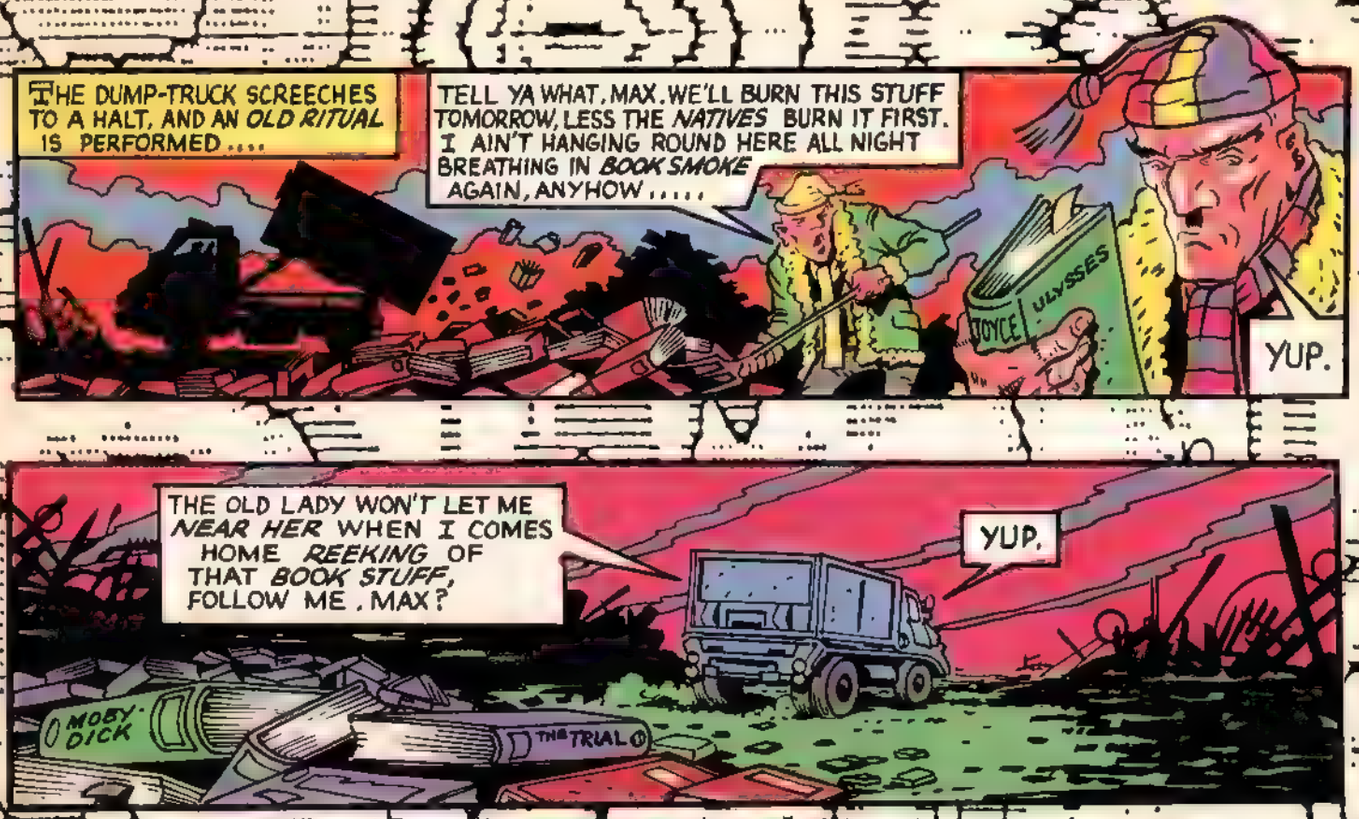
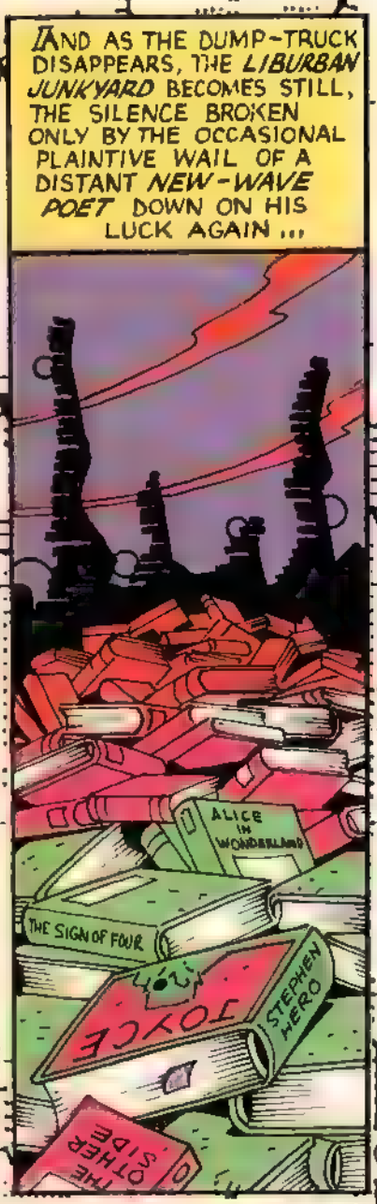
SYNDIC ROTATION NUMBER


KRUPULUS, YOU SENTIMENTAL OLD FOOL! THIS IS NO TIME TO SUCCUMB TO *PLEASANT DAYDREAMS!* MY *BLADDER* TELLS ME TO WAIT ON THIS SHE-PUP....
SPEAKING OF YOUR BLADDER, YOUR GREATNESS. CAN I HAVE THIS EVENINGS *HOLY SUPPLY?*
WHA?..... OH, YEAH. IN THE *PITCHERS* OVER THERE...
AND WHAT NEWS OF *THE BOOKS*, PITCHER BEARER?
BOOKS! DON'T TALK TO ME ABOUT *BOOKS*, YOUR BLANDNESS; KEEP APPEARING QUICKER THAN WE CAN BURN 'EM, THEY DO...
SOD KNOWS WHERE THE DEVILS IS COMING FROM. BLOODY *HEARTBREAKING*, IT IS....
MEANWHILE, ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE *INNER LIBRARY*, IN AN AREA WE MIGHT CALL *LIBURBIA*, A LONELY DUMP-TRUCK MOVES THROUGH A *BLIGHTED LANDSCAPE*, WHERE OBSCURE BURNT-OUT STRUCTURES TOWER LIKE THE WRETCHED TEETH OF A *CANCEROUS OLD GOB*...
LAST LOAD OF THE NIGHT, *MAX?*
YUP.

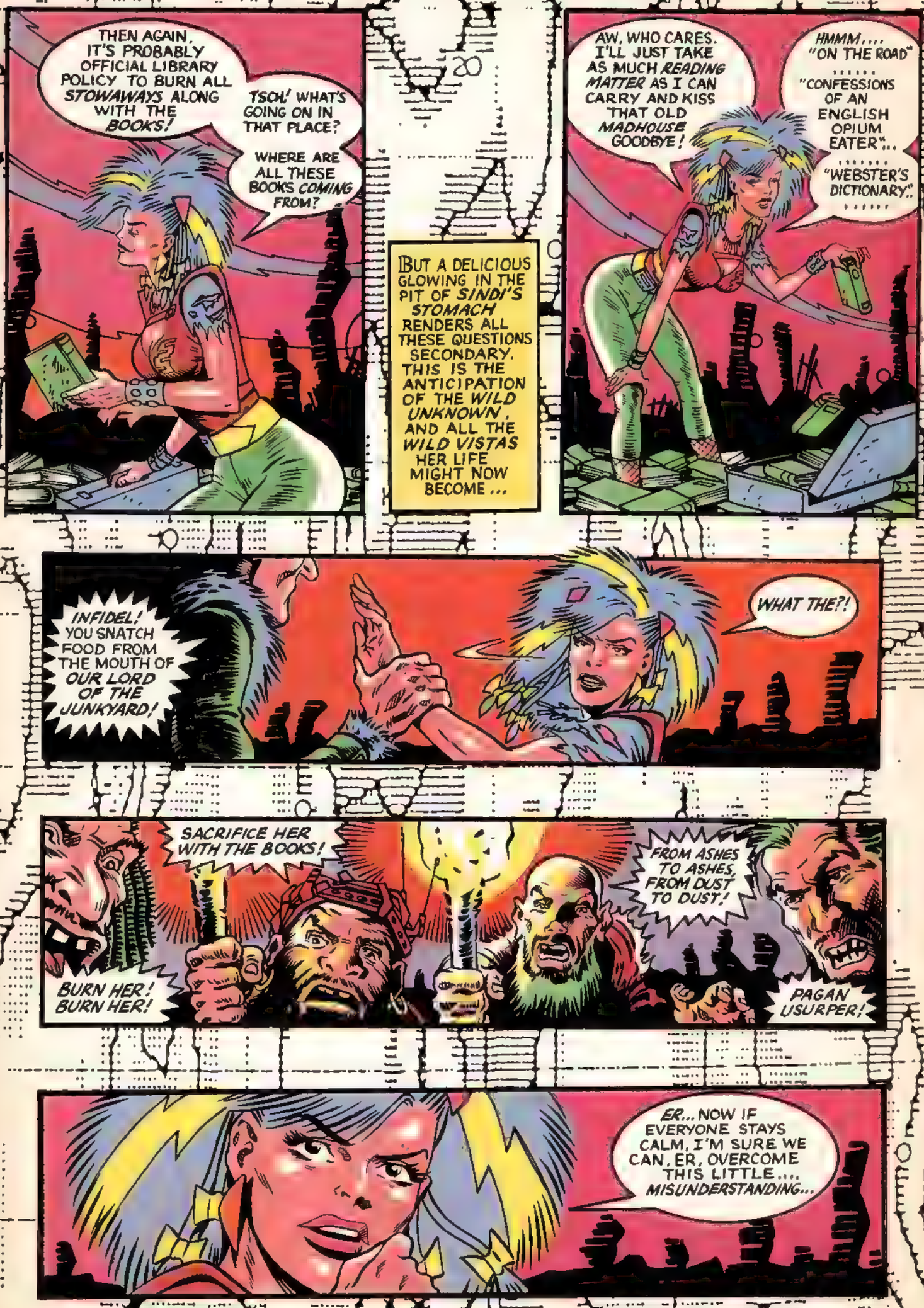

THE DUMP-TRUCK SCREECHES TO A HALT, AND AN *OLD RITUAL* IS PERFORMED....
TELL YA WHAT, MAX. WE'LL BURN THIS STUFF TOMORROW, LESS THE *NATIVES* BURN IT FIRST. I AIN'T HANGING ROUND HERE ALL NIGHT BREATHING IN *BOOK SMOKE* AGAIN, ANYHOW.....
JOYCE ULYSSES
YUP.

THE OLD LADY WON'T LET ME *NEAR HER* WHEN I COMES HOME *REEKING* OF THAT *BOOK STUFF*, FOLLOW ME, MAX?
YUP.
MOBY DICK
THE TRIAL


AND AS THE DUMP-TRUCK DISAPPEARS, THE *LIBURBAN JUNKYARD* BECOMES STILL, THE SILENCE BROKEN ONLY BY THE OCCASIONAL PLAINTIVE WAIL OF A DISTANT *NEW-WAVE POET* DOWN ON HIS LUCK AGAIN...
ALICE IN WONDERLAND
THE SIGN OF FOUR
JOYCE
STEPHEN HERO
THE OTHER SIDE

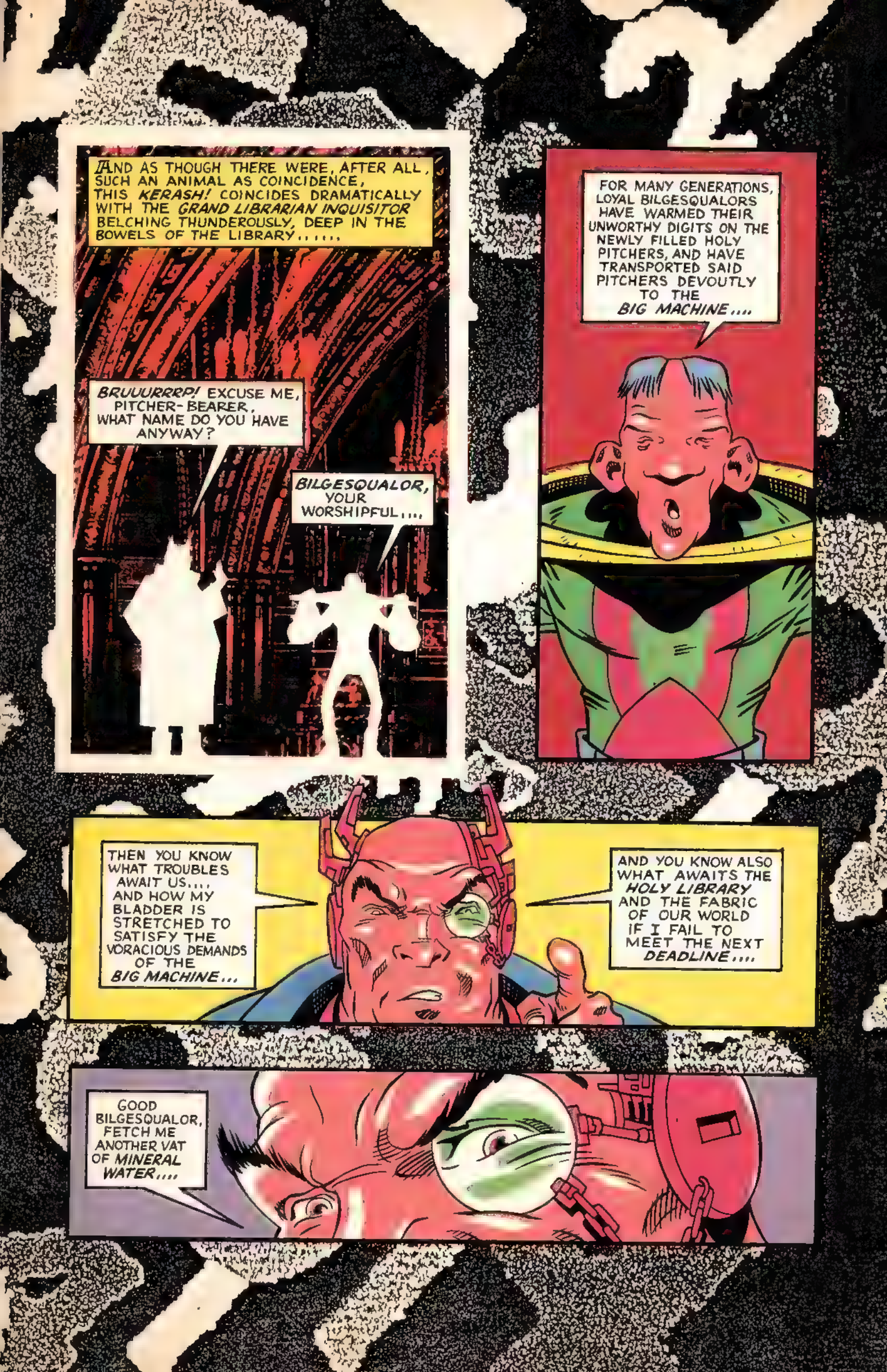
AND THEN....
THE FAR CRY ROAD
LES
VICTOR HUGO
COCTEAU
VALIS
WILL ROGERS

WHAT DID I TELL YOU, SINDI? WITH A LITTLE PERSEVERANCE, *NOTHING* CAN STOP YOU!
PITY I COULDN'T GIVE MY THANKS TO THOSE *DUMP-TRUCKERS*.
EDWIN DROOD


THEN AGAIN, IT'S PROBABLY OFFICIAL LIBRARY POLICY TO BURN ALL STOWAWAYS ALONG WITH THE BOOKS!
TSCH! WHAT'S GOING ON IN THAT PLACE?
WHERE ARE ALL THESE BOOKS COMING FROM?
BUT A DELICIOUS GLOWING IN THE PIT OF SINDI'S STOMACH RENDERS ALL THESE QUESTIONS SECONDARY. THIS IS THE ANTICIPATION OF THE WILD UNKNOWN, AND ALL THE WILD VISTAS HER LIFE MIGHT NOW BECOME ...
AW, WHO CARES. I'LL JUST TAKE AS MUCH READING MATTER AS I CAN CARRY AND KISS THAT OLD MADHOUSE GOODBYE!
HMMM.... "ON THE ROAD" ..... "CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM EATER"... ..... "WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY" .....
INFIDEL! YOU SNATCH FOOD FROM THE MOUTH OF OUR LORD OF THE JUNKYARD!
WHAT THE?!
SACRIFICE HER WITH THE BOOKS!
FROM ASHES TO ASHES, FROM DUST TO DUST!
BURN HER! BURN HER!
PAGAN USURPER!
ER... NOW IF EVERYONE STAYS CALM, I'M SURE WE CAN, ER, OVERCOME THIS LITTLE.... MISUNDERSTANDING...

BURN! BURN!
FRY THE INFIDEL BOOK SNATCHER!
CLEANSE HER ROTTEN FLESH!
LISTEN, YOU CREEPS, THIS IS IT! IF YOU DON'T LET ME GO THIS INSTANT, YOU'LL BE SORRY!!
BURN THE BRAZEN BITCH!
SHIT! THEY'RE CALLING MY BLUFF...
HUH?!?
YEEHAAARR!
CRRUMP

HI YA, SISTER. HAPPEN YOU MUST BE SINDI SHADE. AM I RIGHT OR AM I WRONG?
L-LET'S SKIP THE FORMAL INTRODUCTIONS UNTIL WE'RE WELL AWAY FROM HERE, MISTER...
HEY, NO SWEAT, I'M A PRO, SEE. AIN'T NO WAY THOSE FINE GENTLEMEN'LL CATCH US NOW.
WELL, WATCH WHERE YOUR'E DRIVING, ANYHOW...
I SAID-- WATCH WHERE YOU'RE.....
KERASH!


AND AS THOUGH THERE WERE, AFTER ALL, SUCH AN ANIMAL AS COINCIDENCE, THIS KERASH! COINCIDES DRAMATICALLY WITH THE GRAND LIBRARIAN INQUISITOR BELCHING THUNDEROUSLY, DEEP IN THE BOWELS OF THE LIBRARY.....
BRUUURRRP! EXCUSE ME, PITCHER-BEARER, WHAT NAME DO YOU HAVE ANYWAY?
BILGESQUALOR, YOUR WORSHIPFUL....
FOR MANY GENERATIONS, LOYAL BILGESQUALORS HAVE WARMED THEIR UNWORTHY DIGITS ON THE NEWLY FILLED HOLY PITCHERS, AND HAVE TRANSPORTED SAID PITCHERS DEVOUTLY TO THE BIG MACHINE....
THEN YOU KNOW WHAT TROUBLES AWAIT US.... AND HOW MY BLADDER IS STRETCHED TO SATISFY THE VORACIOUS DEMANDS OF THE BIG MACHINE...
AND YOU KNOW ALSO WHAT AWAITS THE HOLY LIBRARY AND THE FABRIC OF OUR WORLD IF I FAIL TO MEET THE NEXT DEADLINE....
GOOD BILGESQUALOR, FETCH ME ANOTHER VAT OF MINERAL WATER....

MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE SCORCHED JUNKYARD, SINDI'S DRIVER IS ATTEMPTING TO GET HIS CAR RESTARTED.....
PUDAPUDAPUDA.....
HMMM, NOW DON'T YOU WORRY YOUR PRETTY HEAD NONE, GIRLY. I'LL HAVE THIS MONSTER ROARING AGAIN IN NO TIME....
CLANK! CLANK!
LET ME HAVE A GO. WE HAVEN'T GOT ALL DAY, YOU KNOW!
HEY, CAREFUL! THAT'S A PRECISION INSTRUMENT!
SHIT, IT'S WORKING! HOW DID YOU DO THAT?
I'VE GOT AN AFFINITY WITH CARS....
"GRRRRRRR!!"
ESPECIALLY WHEN THEY'RE THE ONLY THING BETWEEN ME AND A MOB OF LUNATIC PYROMANIACS!
BURN!
BURN!
BURN!
VROOOM!
BEFORE THE FRENZIED MOB OF ZEALOUS JUNKYARDERS CAN LAY THEIR HANDS ON SINDI AND HER NEW FRIEND, THE CONVERTIBLE HURTLES OFF INTO THE NIGHT.....

THE VERY SAME NIGHT WHOSE DARKNESS MERCIFULLY OBSCURES THE GNARLED FEATURES OF PITCHER-BEARER BILGESQUALOR, AS HE HEAVES THE EVENING'S HOLY SUPPLY TOWARDS THE DOOR OF THE CENTRAL CHAMBER... WHEREIN LIES THE BIG MACHINE....
BUT JUST WHAT IS THE BIG MACHINE?
CENTRAL CHAMBER
ALL UNAUTHORIZED PERSONS KEEP OUT
AND WHAT SIGNIFICANCE IS THERE IN THE GRAND LIBRARIAN'S BLADDER, AND THE HOLY SUPPLY PRODUCED THEREFROM?
EWINS
AND WHO IS SINDI'S MYSTERIOUS DRIVER?
AND WHERE IS HE TAKING OUR SINDI?
THESE QUESTIONS, ALONG WITH MANY OTHERS, WILL PROBABLY BE AVOIDED LIKE THE PLAGUE IN THE NEXT EPISODE OF....
SINDI SHADE!

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MILLIGAN'S ENDGAME

THE LONDON FOG swirled about me like the many-layered skirt of a phrenetic fandango dancer. The sky brooded darkly overhead like the knitted brow of an embittered old man. The distant traffic moaned like a Sphinx-whispered riddle no one wanted to answer. . . And I walked through it all, like a man walking through a chaos of overblown metaphors. I walked through it all, I tell you. With my legs. And on the end of my legs were my feet. These feet trod on pieces of concrete, and I walked, through all this lot, through London. My arms swung and my mouth smiled and the rest of me didn't argue or make a fuss, it just went along with it all. Because that's what being alive is all about. It's all about walking, up and down and around and around. So that's what I do.

You may gather from this little excerpt that I am something of a philosopher. This is not strictly true, and I'll tell you why. More than that, I'll throw a gem of an observation your way. The gem of an observation is this: Have you ever noticed how many philosophers are unusually ugly?

And this in turn poses the question: Would they have been philosophers if they hadn't have been so ugly? i.e. if they had been able to go out with the boys, meet a lot of nice girls, meet a lot of bad girls, and generally have a good time. Rather than being so ugly, all they could do was sit around brooding and wondering what it was all about. Of course, everytime they looked in a mirror they knew what it was all about. It was all about being very, very ugly and repulsing all the people you wanted to attract. But that's hardly the stuff philosophical movements and large books on philosophy are made of, is it? So they've got to dress it up a bit. In short, they've got to hide the fact that they are simply fed up with being ugly and are trying to take it out on the rest of us.

You want facts? Examples? Okay. There are many records relating to Socrates, the granddaddy of all philosophers, describing him as having bulging eyes, a stub nose, thick lips, big belly and a squat build. He was, by all accounts, a very ugly man, driven to endless hours of thought, driven to standing about in the markets of Athens all day, shouting at passers-by. Anything to take his mind off his appearance. He had 'dialogues' with 'young boys' and eventually committed suicide. Not, as some people suggest, because of any philosophical standpoint, but because he couldn't stand being the ugliest creature in town any longer!

And then there's Kant. Good old Immanuel! I once saw him described as being unusually small (so many of them are), thin, flat-chested, with his right shoulder higher than his left. His right shoulder higher than his left!! I ask you! No wonder he influenced the shaping of future liberal thought; no wonder he thought out a critique of all the faculties of a being endowed with reason. What else was there for him to do???

Leibnitz, Spinoza, Descartes, Mill, Hegel. If my dog had a face like any of those boys I'd teach it to bark out of its butt and walk backwards. And that wonderful German, Friedrich Nietzsche, was not only dubiously designed, he was mentally unbalanced to boot! (Then again, Mad Fred, as my Master at Oxford used to call Nietzsche, was not only ugly himself, he had the uncanny knack of seeing the ugliness that existed everywhere else).

And that brings me to Jean-Paul Sartre. Well, if you've ever seen a photograph of this French clown any further comment is obviously superfluous. Talk about giving Existentialism a bad name! Sartre was to beauty what Herod was to child-welfare. What's more, he (Sartre, not Herod) was a Commie!!! Yuk!

The truth is, anyone who is ugly enough can be a philosopher. The most interesting philosopher I ever knew was an unknown, insane (and ugly) old man of 109. He thought that every nationality was in some way responsible for certain human attributes, achievements, and so on. For example, the French invented Sex and aftershave (can't see much difference in them really. They can both be either very cheap or very expensive). The English invented rain and spanking. The Russians invented long novels and lunatic asylums. The Germans invented war and bad breath. The Americans invented themselves, and the Africans invented the white man. . . . . .and soon wished they hadn't.

And as for that excerpt that started this article, let me tell you that within those rather strange sentences lies the Milligan Key to the understanding of the gamut of human existence. But to be able to explain that to you properly I would have to be a philosopher, and I'm afraid I'm really far, far too good-looking to be one of those.

MILLIGAN.

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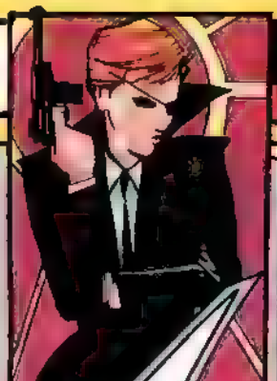

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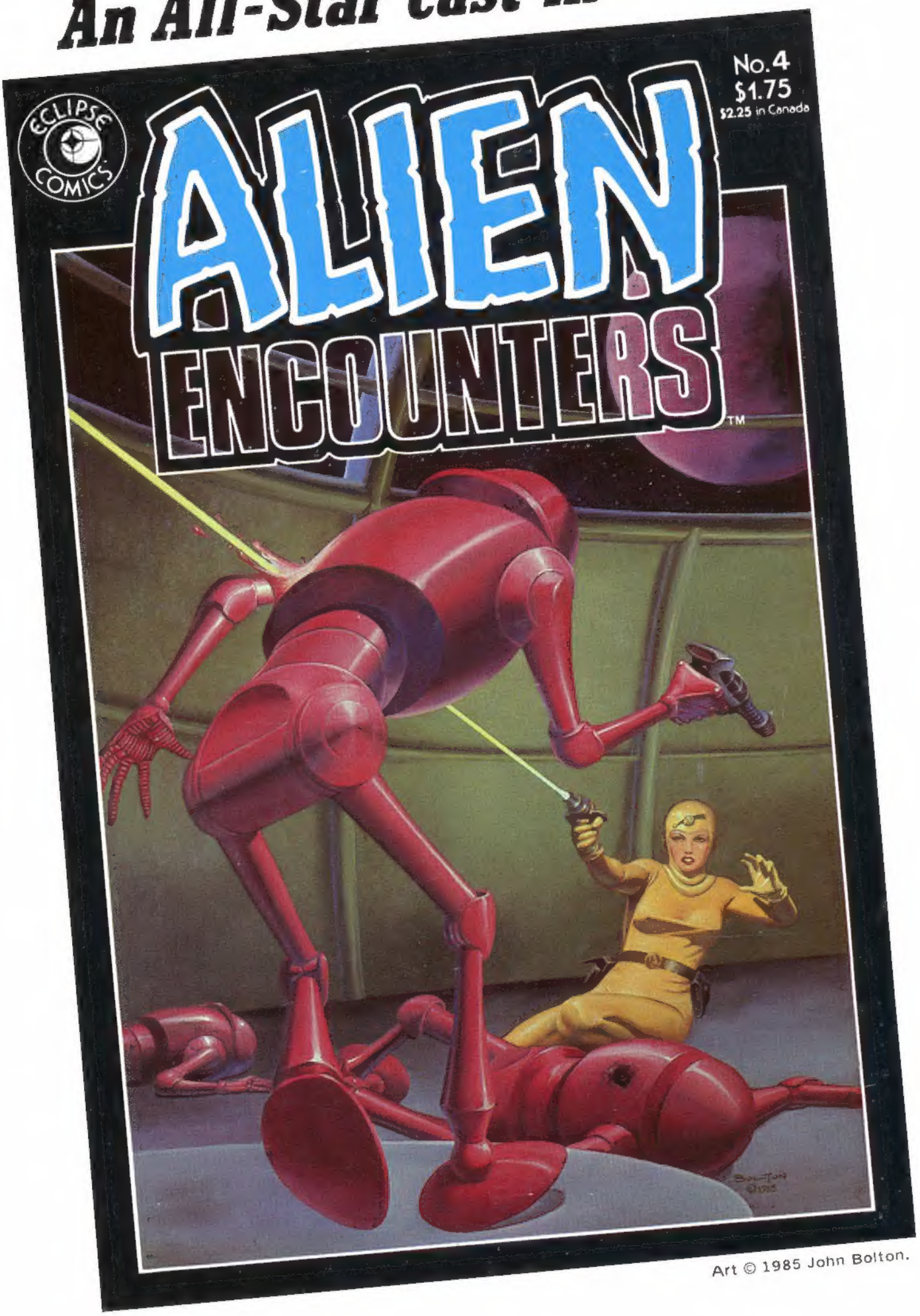

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